
Title: a book appears I

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*a book appears before
you.. it opens to reveal
forgotten lore upon pages
of flesh... the words
inked in blood. The book
calls you to read of it..
your mind becomes clouded
with darkness and you
slowly begin to read of
its foul text*

Journal Entry
February 23rd, Year of
Shadow

The preparations were
now complete and I and
my ghoul slowly entered
the great Temple of
Oblivion.
The day had finally come
when the kine Molly would
be eternally soul bound
with me, how delicious.

I scanned the church with
my eyes adoring their
fine taste in decoration,
that was always another
thing I despised about the
kine.. no sense in taste
always wearing their cloth
and arms which were
always hardly fashionable.

But returning to my
tale..

I slowly climbed the steps
leading to the great
clergy hall leading my kine
servant closely beside me.

Upon reaching my
destination I noticed all
numbers of the damned
awaiting the ritual, this

had greatly pleased me.

I walked slowly up the
aisle leading to the alter,
showing off my latest
conquest with the great
priest Amon awaiting, I
always did love making an
entrance.

Amon began the service
upon my arrival though it
wasn't long before the
kine armies came to
disrupt my little affair,
though I think the spilt
human blood accented it
quite nice.

The death knights and
other powerful warriors
of the damned quickly
took up arms to see to
the kine intrusion, many
corpses began to litter
the great hall leading all
the way up the steps, I
was moved by their
gesture.. laying their lives
down
on this glorious day... I
would have to gift them
with my thanks at later
date.

*while flipping the page
you come upon a folded
parchment.. a record of
the affair. You slowly
open it unable to resist
its content*

*Amon ,Facing the crowd,
begins to greet those
assembled*

Brethren of the Order of
the Ebon Skull...
Welcome

*Amon turns and faces
the front of the temple*

Amon: Aghum sit larimesh
dur agh bashim
Amon: Sel goruk teh'solet
grak

Amon speaks solemnly

Oblivion is the end
Those who heed his call
will be rewarded
Those who fail will be
destroyed
There is no weakness
There is only fearlessness
Oblivion is the power
There is no other
Heed therefore my call
and bow in fear before
the hand that would
Mercilessly destroy you.
Etheng!

*Amon begins to chant
once more*

Abruk nakar et lokim
Etheng
Frak kalan lak mackuk
bathil

Amon bows to both pillars
before turning to face
the crowd once more.

*Amon stands still a
moment before beginning
to speak*

*you sense a presence in
the air as you read this
record.
Shadows seem to move
about impossible ways and
your soul begins to fill
with energy as the words
begin to be spoken*

*the priest raises his
arms and head to the
sky and chants*

I am the thorn in the
foot; I am the blur in
the sight
I am the worm at the
root, I am the thief in
the night
I am the rat in the wall,
the leper that leers at
the gate

*Amon closes eyes and
continues*

I am the ghost in the
hall, herald of horror and
hate

I am the rust on the
corn, I am the filth on
the wheat

Laughing man's labor to
scorn, weaving a web for
his feet.

I am canker and mildew
and blight, danger and
death and decay

The rot of the rain by
night, the blast of the
sun by day

I warp and wither with
drought, I work in the
swamp's foul yeast

I bring the black plague
from the south and
leprosy in from the east

I am the shrill cold spirit
that chills the darkness
you feel in the night

I am the chaos that
tears stars apart.

You cannot escape me

You cannot defeat me

You can only embrace me

*Amon finishes the chant
and keeps eyes closed*

Ost, nakim telak freh
sakarax
Ist gulagh talamuk ogh
ner

Blessed is the Darkness
through which we move.
Blessed is Death we bring
to Life
Blessed is Oblivion.

Etheng! Etheng! Etheng!

*Amon lowers his arms,
turns his head to the
crowd he slowly opens his
eyes*

My brethren, This night,
in the tradition the High
Priest has set fourth, we
shall celebrate the union
of two children of our
Father,

Oblivion.

*As Azreal and the kine
Molly approach Amon
turns to the Altar*

*Amon begins to chant in
an arcane language*

Un re-a an Ptah, uau
netu, uau netu, aru re-a
an neter nut-a.
Meh aper em heka, uau
netu, uau netu, en Suti
sau re-a.
Kheseftu Tem uten-nef
seneftu sai set.

Un re-a, apu re-a an Shu
em nut-ef tui ent baat
en pet enti ap-nef re en
! neteru am-es.
Nuk Sehet! Hems-a her
kes amt urt aat ent pet.
Nuk Sahu! Urt her-ab
baiu Annu.
Ar heka neb etet neb etu
er-a sut, aha neteru
er-sen paut neteru
temtiu.

*the priest stops
chanting*

May Oblivion give me
voice,
May He open my mouth,
May the gods and their
children hear my voice,
and resist those who
would silence me.
I am the flame, which
shines upon the Opener
of Eternity!

*Amon turns to Azreal
and Molly*

I welcome thee into the
Temple, in this day which
we celebrate the union of
you both.
You were born together,
and together you shall be
forevermore.
You shall be together
when the black wings of
death scatter your days.

Aye, you shall be
together even in the
silent memory of God.
But let there be spaces
in your togetherness,
and let the winds of the
Oblivion dance between
you.
Love one another, but
make not a bond of love:

Let it rather be a
moving sea between the
shores of your souls.
Fill each other's cup, but
drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your
bread but eat not from
the same loaf.
Sing and dance together
and be joyous, but let
each one of you be alone,
Even as the strings of a
lute are alone though
they quiver with the
same music.
Give your hearts, but not
into each other's keeping.
For only the hand of
Death can contain your
hearts.
And stand together yet
not too near together:
For the pillars of the
temple stand apart,
And the oak tree and
cypress grow not in each
other's shadow.'